

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Tuesday, July 13.

The sensational price of \$80,000 was paid at Newmarket, Eng., for the brood mare Flair, the property of the late Sir Daniel Cooper.

At a conference at the White House it was definitely decided that the rate to be levied under the new corporation tax shall be reduced from 2 percent to 1 percent.

Approximately 100 employees of the department of commerce and labor were reduced and the resignations of about ten others accepted as the result of an investigation into their "efficiency record."

With the addition of 450 animals of eighty-seven different species, the Bronx park zoo, New York, became the most important collection of its kind in the world.

Three minutes after steamers Isaac M. Scott and John B. Cowie had collided in Lake Superior the Cowie had gone to the bottom, carrying with her fourteen members of her crew.

Jikiri, the famous Moro outlaw chieftain, was killed and his band exterminated in a pitched battle near Patlan, on the island of Jolo.

Several homing pigeons were liberated at North Bay, Ont., 510 miles from Baltimore, and the first to arrive at Baltimore covered the distance in 9 hours, 17 minutes, an average of 1600.95 yards a minute.

Wednesday, July 14.

Recent events in Turkey are being repeated in Persia. The Constitutional forces are now in possession of the greater part of Teheran, which they entered without encountering any organized resistance.

New York city and the territory for 100 miles around is in the grip of a serious drought.

The British house of lords voted not to proceed with the bill providing for the compulsory service in the territorial army of all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 30.

Rosie Pitenhof, 14 years old, succeeded in swimming across Hull Gut, from Peddock's Island to Pemberton shore, in Boston harbor, and back again. She is the first one known to have passed over and back without a rest.

Confessing that he had set the fire which destroyed the Odd Fellows' building at Tenants Harbor, Me., John Elwell, 19 years old, was held for the grand jury.

The second week of the United Mine Workers' strike in the Cape Breton coal fields finds both sides grim and determined.

Governor Johnson of Minnesota is suffering from appendicitis and intestinal trouble.

Thursday, July 15.

Prince Von Buelow, chancellor of the German empire, has retired from office and is succeeded by Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg.

The big disputes over the tariff bill will be fought out between Senator Aldrich and Representative Payne, with President Taft serving as umpire. This was decided by the conference committee appointed by the two branches of congress.

The Georgia senate passed a bill making it a penal offense to utter any false or defamatory remark about a woman.

Owing to the slipping of the noose, Gary R. Barrett, a murderer, died of strangulation fifteen minutes after the trap was sprung at Edmondston, Man., prison.

Edward P. Weston, the 70-year-old pedestrian who left New York on March 17 to walk across the continent in 100 days, exclusive of Sundays, arrived at San Francisco five days behind his schedule.

Riots, in which about 4000 employees of the Pressed Car Steel company took part, occurred near Pittsburgh. More than a hundred persons were more or less seriously injured.

Wheat for July delivery advanced 7 cents to \$1.27 a bushel during a stormy session on the Chicago board of trade.

The Wright brothers may find it necessary to obtain a further extension of time in which to complete their official airplane speed and endurance trials.

President Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America forbade a strike of 18,000 men employed in the mines of the Pittsburgh coal company.

The Persian Royalist forces apparently have had enough of fighting and are prepared to admit the supremacy of the Nationalists.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce is to issue an official magazine.

Upon conviction for passing bogus checks and failing to pay his debts, Major C. J. Clark, Twenty-Sixth infantry, has been dismissed from the army.

Friday, July 16.

A son was born to Princess De Sagan, who was Miss Anna Gould. She married Prince Helle De Sagan July 7, 1905, following her divorce from Count Boni De Castellane.

Several villages in Greece were destroyed by an earthquake and many persons perished. The material loss is heavy.

Captain Emmett Eddy of the Ohio militia scored 333 out of a possible 350 shots on the rifle range at Camp Perry, O., surpassing the world's record.

Evidences of friction between the president and the conferees on the tariff bill have begun to disturb the hitherto pleasant relations existing between the White House and the Capitol.

A British submarine was sunk by steamer Eddystone off Cromer, Eng.

Thirteen members of the vessel's crew of sixteen went to the bottom with her.

Automobiles will be barred from Bar Harbor, Me., according to a large majority vote of the town of Eden, of which Bar Harbor is a section.

A brick building which was being re-constructed in Philadelphia collapsed, burying or pinning beneath the ruins thirty-two persons, seven of whom were killed.

A shadow of his old self, Terry McGovern, once featherweight champion of the world, was taken to a sanitarium at Amityville, L. I.

Harry K. Thaw's wife went on the stand at White Plains, N. Y., and gave damaging testimony against him. It was the strongest point scored so far by the state in its fight to keep Thaw in an asylum for the criminal insane.

Saturday, July 17.

A severe electrical storm struck western Massachusetts, bringing relief from the high temperature and humidity, but causing considerable damage.

The president, in an official statement, declares that the Republican party is committed to a downward revision; that he has never had any other idea of the Chicago platform, downward revision of the tariff to the people.

The shah of Persia was dethroned. The new shah is 12 years of age. He was declared heir-apparent at the time his father ascended the throne.

In an aeroplane flight of twenty-three minutes Glenn H. Curtiss more than doubled any of his previous records at Mineola, L. I.

Bishop John Shanley of the Roman Catholic diocese of North Dakota died of apoplexy.

Judge Francis A. Gaskill of the Massachusetts superior court died suddenly at York Beach, Me., of heart failure.

It is reported that trial of the indictments against the American Sugar Refining company and its officials may be avoided through pleas of guilty being entered by the defendants.

Leonardo Gebbia, an Italian, was hanged at Hahnville, La., for a murder committed in the name of the "Black Hand."

Sunday, July 18.

Professor Munsterberg of Harvard university admits cures by Christian Science and the Emmanuel movement, but asserts that physicians alone should treat patients by suggestion.

Professor Heinrich C. Bierworth of Harvard wedded Miss Anna Fuller of California, to whom he was engaged nineteen years.

Evelyn Thaw, in a remarkable statement, admits her love for Stanford White, explains her course in Thaw's defense and repeats her conviction that Thaw will kill her if freed.

Persia's dethroned shah declined to receive the delegation to inform him of his deposition.

Submarines are credited with a victory in an attack on the Atlantic fleet in the war game maneuvers off Provincetown, Mass.

Photographs made in 1874 show that all the ships in Boston harbor then were made of wood.

Baron Oscar Rothschild committed suicide for love of a Chicago girl.

The Boston and Maine railroad is to build the first of a chain of repair and car shops at Somerville, Mass.

Monday, July 19.

Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, died at Varese, in Lombardy, at the age of 61. He had been ill for a long time, suffering from apoplexy.

Ten persons were drowned in New York bay by the capsizing of schooner Roxanna. Ten were rescued. The victims were Scandinavians.

The Curtiss aeroplane was badly wrecked at Hempstead Plains, L. I. Alexander Williams, a novice, who was attempting a flight, was severely injured.

Four persons were killed, more than twenty severely injured and a dozen others hurt by the explosion of a motor cycle and a fire which followed it, during a cycle race at Berlin.

London's naval pageant, in which 150 warships took part, was an enormous success. Never before was gathered in the Thames such a large fleet.

Most people in Washington expect that President Taft will sign the tariff bill.

Returning to the farm at Abington, Mass., on which he had one time worked, Lawrence Nelson, Jr., aged 28, an escaped lunatic, shot and killed his former employer, Desire A. Vanderpool.

The Ketchikan, a 75-horsepower boat, was in a race when her gasoline tanks exploded off Vineyard Haven and the boat burned to the water's edge, the skipper and crew escaping safely.

In a clash with the mounted troops at Lyndon, Pa., one striker was probably fatally shot, two members of the crowd were wounded and over ten injured.

There is a movement in Boston to make ex-President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard the next governor of Massachusetts. The movement is said to be non-partisan.

The Maryland Steel company has received from the Boston and Maine railroad an order for 10,000 tons of Bessemer steel rails. The price is \$28 a ton.

C. W. Chapell, president of the National Casket company, was killed in an automobile accident near Canastota, N. Y.

THE GUILTY PARTY

By O. HENRY.

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A RED haired, unshaven, untidy man sat in a rocking chair by a window. He had just lighted a pipe and was puffing blue clouds with great satisfaction. He had removed his shoes and donned a pair of blue, faded carpet slippers. With the morbid thirst of the confirmed daily news drinker, he awkwardly folded back the pages of an evening paper, eagerly gulping down the strong, black headlines, to be followed as a chaser by the milder details of the sunnier type.

In an adjoining room a woman was cooking supper. Odors from strong bacon and boiling coffee contended against the cut plug fumes from the vespertine pipe.

Outside was one of those crowded streets of the east side in which as twilight falls Satan sets up his recruiting office. A mighty host of children danced and ran and played in the street. Above the playground forever hovered a great bird. The bird was known to humorists as the stork. But the people of Chrystie street were better ornithologists. They called it a culture.

A little girl of twelve came up timidly to the man reading and resting by the window and said:

"Papa, won't you play a game of checkers with me if you aren't too tired?"

The red haired, unshaven, untidy man sitting shoeless by the window answered, with a frown:

"Checkers! No; I won't. Can't a man who works hard all day have a little rest when he comes home? Why don't you go out and play with the other kids on the sidewalk?"

The woman who was cooking came to the door.

"John," she said, "I don't like for Lizzie to play in the street. They learn too much there that ain't good for 'em. She's been in the house all day long. It seems that you might give up a little of your time to amuse her when you come home."

"Let her go out and play like the rest of 'em if she wants to be amused," said the red haired, unshaven, untidy man, "and don't bother me."

"You're on," said Kid Mullaly. "Fifty dollars to \$25 I take Annie to the dance. Put up."

The Kid's black eyes were snapping with the fire of the baited and challenged. He drew out his "roll" and slapped five tens upon the bar. The three or four young fellows who were thus "taken" more slowly produced their stake.

"And oh, what'll be done to you'll be a plenty," said a better, with anticipatory glee.

"That's my lookout," said the Kid sternly. "Fill 'em up all around, Mike."

After the round Burke, the Kid's sponge, sponge holder, pal, mentor and grand vizier, drew him out to the boot-black stand at the saloon corner, where all the official and important matters of the Small Hours Social club were settled.

"Cut that blond out, Kid," was his advice, "or there'll be trouble. What do you want to throw down that girl of yours for? You'll never find one that'll freeze to you like Liz has. She's worth a hall full of Annie's."

"I'm no Annie admirer!" said the Kid, dropping a cigarette ash on his polished shoe and wiping it off on Tony's shoulder. "But I want to teach Liz a lesson. She thinks I belong to her. She's been bragging that I daren't speak to another girl. Liz is all right in some ways. She's drinking a little too much lately. And she uses language that a lady oughtn't."

"You're engaged, ain't you?" asked Burke.

"Sure. We'll get married next year, maybe."

"I saw you make her drink her first glass of beer," said Burke. "That was two years ago, when she used to come down to the corner of Chrystie bareheaded to meet you after supper. She was a quiet sort of a kid then and couldn't speak without blushing."

"She's a little spitfire sometimes now," said the Kid. "I hate jealousy. That's why I'm going to the dance with Annie. I'll teach her some sense."

"Well, you better look a little out," were Burke's last words. "If Liz was my girl and I was to sneak out to a dance coupled up with an Annie I'd want a suit of chain armor on under my gladsome rags, all right."

Through the land of the stork-vulture wandered Liz. Her black eyes searched the passing crowds feverily, but vaguely. Now and then she hummed bars of foolish little songs.

Liz's skirt was green silk. Her waist was a large brown and pink plaid, well fitting and not without style. She wore a cluster of rings of huge imitation rubies and a locket that banged her knees at the bottom of a silver chain. Her shoes were run down over twisted high heels and were strangers to polish. Her hat would scarcely have passed into a flour barrel.

The "family entrance" of the Blue Jay cafe received her.

"Whisky, Tommy," she said as her sisters farther uptown murmured, "Champagne, James."

"Sure, Miss Lizzie! What'll the chaser be?"

"Seltzer. And, say, Tommy, has the Kid been around today?"

"Why, no, Miss Lizzie, I haven't saw him today."

"I'm lookin' for 'm," said Liz after

the chaser had spurted under her nose. "It's got to me that he says he'll take Annie Karlson to the dance. Let him. The pink-eyed white rat! I'm lookin' for 'm. You know me, Tommy. Two years me and the Kid 've been engaged. Look at that ring. Five hundred he said it cost. Let him take her to the dance. What'll I do? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy."

"I wouldn't listen to no such reports, Miss Lizzie," said the waiter smoothly from the narrow opening above his chin. "Kid Mullaly's not the guy to throw a lady like you down. Seltzer on the side?"

"Two years," repeated Liz, softening a little to sentiment under the magic of the chiller's art. "I always used to play out on the street of evenin's 'cause there was nothin' doin' for me at home. For a long time I just sat on Coorstep and looked at the lights and the people goin' by. And then the Kid came along one evenin' and sized me up, and I was mashed on the spot for fair. The first drink he made me take I cried all night at home and got a likin' for makin' a noise. And now—say, Tommy, you ever see this Annie Karlson? If it wasn't for peroxide the chloroform limit would have put her out long ago. Oh, I'm lookin' for 'm. You tell the Kid if he comes in. Me? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy."

A little unsteadily, but with watchful and brilliant eyes, Liz walked up the avenue toward the Small Hours Social club.

At a'clock the president, Kid Mullaly, peeped upon the door with a lady on his arm. As the Lorelei's was her half-sister. Her "yes" was softened to a "nah," but its quality of assent was given to the most Milesian ears. She stepped upon her own train and blushed—and she smiled into the eyes of Kid Mullaly.

And then as the two stood in the middle of the waxed floor the thing happened to prevent which many lamps are burning nightly in many studies and libraries.

Out from the circle of spectators in the hall leaped Pete in a green silk skirt under the nom de guerre of Liz. Her eyes were hard and blacker than jet. She did not scream or waver. Most unwomanly she cried out one oath, the Kid's own favorite oath and in his own deep voice, and then while the Small Hours Social club went frantically to pieces she made good her boast to Tommy, the waiter—made good as far as the length of her knife blade and the strength of her arm permitted.

Liz ran out and down the street swift and true as a woodcock flying through a grove of saplings at dusk.

And then followed the big city's biggest shame, handed down from a long ago century of the basest barbarity—the hue and cry. Nowhere but in the big cities does it survive, and here more of all, where the ultimate perfection of culture, citizenship and alleged superiority joins bawling in the chase.

They pursued, a shrieking mob of fathers, mothers, lovers and maidens, howling, yelling, calling, whistling, crying for blood.

Knowing her way and hungry for her success, she darted down the familiar ways until at last her feet struck the dull solidity of the rotting pier. And then it was but a few more pattering steps, and good mother East river took Liz to her bosom, soothed her madly, but quickly, and settled in five minutes the problem that keeps lights burning 'nights in thousands of grammar and colleges.

It's mighty funny what kind of dreams one has sometimes. Poets call them visions, but a vision is only a dream in blank verse. I dreamed the rest of this story.

I thought I was in the next world and there was a great crowd of us outside the courtroom where the judgments were going on. And every now and then a very beautiful and imposing court officer angel would come out side the door and call another case in a loud voice.

While I was considering my own worldly sins and wondering whether there would be any use of my trying to prove an alibi by claiming that I lived in New Jersey the bailiff angel came to the door and sang out, "Case No. 99,352,743!"

Up stepped a plain clothes man—there were lots of 'em there, dressed exactly like preachers and hustling as spirits around just as cops do on earth—and by the arm he dragged—whom, do you think? Why, Liz!

The court officer took her inside and closed the door. I went up to Mr. Fly Op and inquired about the case.

"A very sad one," says he, laying the palm of his manicured fingers to his forehead—"an utterly incorrigible girl. I am a special terrestrial officer, the Rev. James. The case was assigned to me. The girl murdered her fiancé and committed suicide. She had no defense. My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death. Praise the Lord!"

The court officer opened the door and stepped out.

"Poor girl!" said Special Terrestrial Officer the Rev. Jones, with a tear in his eye. "It was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course it was—"

"Discharged," said the court officer. "None here, Jones. First thing you know you'll be switched to the people stand. How would you like to be on a missionary force in the south sea islands—hey? Now, you quit making false arrests or you'll be transferred—see! The guilty party you've let go to look for in this case is a red haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading in the street while his children play in the street. Get a move on you!"

"I'm lookin' for 'm," said Liz after

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Press Correspondent New York State
Grange

THE GRANGE FAIRS.

They Are Growing In Popularity Every Year.

Some Suggestions In the Line of Making These Fairs Most Profitable—The Young People Should Be Given Special Consideration.

[Special Correspondence.]

There is a great opportunity for subordinate granges to do a good work by creating an interest in grange fairs, which are becoming more popular each year—not fairs got up by many days of planning and of hard work, but fairs got up for a day or an evening in a very simple manner.

There have been both benefit and pleasure derived from studying the exhibits which were brought in and arranged as the members came to the regular meeting. A part of a day spent in arranging the exhibits of members living nearest the hall would of course make it possible to have them arranged more artistically, and the woman's work committee would be just the ones to have it in charge. Let each member label his exhibits with his name and the name of the variety of the fruits, flowers, grains and vegetables which he exhibits.

Do not try to give prizes to the older members, as it would take much time and trouble to judge the exhibits and award so many prizes, and much valuable discussion among the members concerning the different varieties of fruits and vegetables and the best methods of growing them would be lost, for no one would know to whom the different exhibits belonged if the names were left off so that they might be judged, but begin right now to interest your grange in offering first and second prizes to the children for a few things to be grown by them this year and exhibited at a grange fair next fall.

Have a special committee appointed to name some half dozen things to be grown by them, such as carrots, beets, popcorn, squash, sunflowers and asters, and to take charge of the purchasing of the premiums, which need not necessarily be expensive in order to please the children. Let them have a special table for their exhibits, and do all that you can to make it interesting for them, and you will be doing something toward helping to keep the boys and girls on the farm. Exhibits of fancy work and of old relics have been made very interesting in many granges where they have room to display them properly.

LIZZIE A. BREADS.

Investigations which have recently been made by Uncle Sam's biological survey as to the bill of fare of the kingbird have brought out the interesting and remarkable fact that, while he does now and then eat bees, it is the drones and not the workers which are his victims. When this announcement was first made beekeepers were wont to consider it as a pretty good joke, but their curiosity led them to make some investigations for themselves, and they found the department specialists were correct. Not only did the kingbird not attack workers, but he devoured many varieties of injurious winged insects, while his hostility to marauding crows and hawks is a point to his credit, which is a matter of everyday observation.

No longer are cornucopis doomed to perform a menial service as penny pipes and kindling wood only, as a firm at Council Bluffs, Ia., has by accident discovered that when crushed and properly prepared cornucopis are an invaluable aid in the purification of gas in city gas plants. Heretofore in this process iron filings mixed with shavings from the planing mills have been used in the "washers," in which the sulphur in the gas is held and converted into sulphates and sulphurets of iron. With the light pine chip the mass sinks into compact form, making the passage of the gas through it difficult. When the chipped cornucopis were substituted it was found that the gas passed through very readily, being entirely freed from sulphur even when heavily charged. With cob chips the washers keep in working order for months where in the old way they had to be renewed in a few weeks. Cobs that were worth but \$1.50 per wagon load a short time ago are now fetching \$10 a ton, and the firm which crushes them cannot begin to fill orders which are being received.

Suburban Suburbs.

A flat dweller, having selected what he thought was a pretty good thing in one of the suburban towns as a place of residence, took his wife out to look at it. The rent was delightful, but the house was on the very rim of the town. The wife disappeared.

"What's the matter with it?" he asked testily, for he had had a hard time finding it.

"Well," she replied with feminine firmness, "I am willing for your sake to live in a suburb of the city, but I positively will not live in the suburb of a suburb. It's asking too much, George, and—"

She didn't cry, but George prevented it only by superhuman efforts.—New York Press.

THROW OUT THE LINE

Give Them Help and Many Morrisville People Will Be Happier

"Throw Out the Life Line"—The kidneys need help.

They're overworked—can't get the poison filtered out of the blood.

They're getting worse every minute. Will you help them?

Doan's Kidney Pills have brought thousands of kidney sufferers back from the verge of despair.

Will cure any form of kidney trouble.

Wm. H. Howard, living on Randolph St., Morrisville, Vt., says: "Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills. For some time I suffered from kidney weakness and finally the trouble became almost unbearable. The principal symptom was a disordered condition of the kidney secretions. Soon after using Doan's Kidney Pills which I procured from A. L. Cheney's Drug Store, I felt like a new man. I now sleep well, and am not compelled to arise at all at night on account of the kidney secretions. I cannot say enough in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, and hope other sufferers may be induced to give them a trial."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Estate of Daniel C. Spaulding, COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Daniel C. Spaulding, late of Morrisville, in said district deceased, and claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at Town Clerk's Office, Morrisville, on the first day of July and on the 25th day of August, next, from 1 o'clock until 4 o'clock p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the said day of July, A. D. 1905, is the time limited by said court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Morrisville, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1905. GEORGE A. CHENEY, HENRY J. FISHER, Commissioners.

Estate of Herman B. Miller, COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Herman B. Miller, late of Waterville, in said district deceased, and claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the Residence of Julia Miller in Waterville, on the 22nd day of July and 25th day of August, next, from one o'clock until three o'clock p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 25th day of July, A. D. 1905, is the time limited by said court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Waterville, Vt., this 15th day of July, A. D. 1905. H. A. JACKSON, GEO. H. MANN, Commissioners.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD

THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER OF ITS TYPE

IT ALWAYS TELLS THE NEWS AS IT IS. PROMPTLY AND FULLY

Read In Every English Speaking Country

It has invariably been the great effort of the Thrice-A-Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for that reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-A-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 150 papers. We offer this unexcelled newspaper and the NEWS AND CITIZEN together for one year for \$2.00.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.25.

The four-year-old son of Henry Cushman, of Montpelier, was operated upon at Heaton hospital for the removal of a small round ball like the kind used in air rifles. The child was accidentally shot by an air rifle in the hands of a small boy. The bullet entered the skin just below the eye and penetrated about half an inch. Had the ball struck an inch higher it would have entered the eye and destroyed the sight.

Symptoms of Catarrh of the Stomach

Catarrh of the stomach is indicated by the following symptoms: heart burn, food rises in throat after meals, sour stomach, heavy feeling after eating, stomach bloated, belching of gas, palpitation of the heart, tongue coated light brown, tenderness in pit of stomach.

Rydale's Catarrh Remedy taken internally will soon destroy catarrhal infection in the stomach. It is the only remedy that reaches the catarrhal infection in all of the mucous membranes and glands of the body, and also in the blood.

Every bottle of Rydale's Catarrh Remedy is guaranteed to benefit or money refunded. A. L. Cheney, Morrisville; C. P. Jones Johnson; C. A. Riley, Stowe; E. W. Smith, North Hyde Park; M. J. Leach, Wolcott.

William Miller, of Montpelier, has been summoned to appear in United States district court at Rutland September 7 to answer to the complaint made by the Moxie Nerve Food Co.